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DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE BENEVOLENT.

To the benevolent, the exercise of their predominating sentiment is, by a law of their nature, a source of high gratification; but it is also apt to be attended with consequences of an unpleasant character, against which it is well for them to be on their guard.

Their plans for the good of their fellow-creatures often go completely amiss, generally from miscalculating the materials they have to work with. This has been done by many an unfortunate patriot, who regretted, when too late, that he had disturbed existing things, and exposed himself to the most serious personal evils, on account of individuals quite unprepared to second his views, or to have taken advantage of them if they had been attended with success. The same result has attended many a strenuous effort made in behalf of private persons, who proved unfit to work out the plans laid down for them, or to benefit by the exertions made in their behalf. The unfitness may have arisen from habits and dispositions of a disqualifying nature, or from mere inability to grapple with and operate upon the means put in their power; but from whatever cause it arises, its effects are sure to be the same, namely, a complete frustration of the benevolent design which was entertained. The benevolent are not naturally disposed to consider such things beforehand. Thinking every other person as good as themselves, and feeling that, were the case their own, it would present no difficulty, they hurry the objects of their good feelings into arrangements in which they are as much at a loss as a landsman would be in managing a vessel in a storm. When, in such a case, the unavoidable consequences follow, the benevolent party is clearly not entitled, in a fit of chagrin, to throw the whole blame upon the individual in whose behalf he acted. The latter can only be reasonably blamed, when the scheme was his own, and when it might evidently have done well had he chosen to exert himself to the full amount of his ability, or been pleased to avoid certain courses sure to be attended with ruin, and which his patron had no reason to suppose he would adopt. Generally, the real blame, if there be any blame in the matter, is with the benevolent party, who had failed to calculate on the character of the person he was disposed to befriend. The benevolent are clearly called upon to weigh well such points, and to act, or refrain from acting, accordingly; or, if they will act without calculation, or in despite of the voice of wisdom, they should be prepared for disappointment. So also should they be, even when every fair calculation has been made, for the best-laid schemes are of course liable to mischance in the course of providence. To receive disappointment, from whatever cause it may have arisen, with philosophical tranquillity, and to remain not less ready to do good than before, presents, we think, one of the most beautiful and affecting spectacles of which human nature is capable: it is one which, we may safely say, will never be witnessed except in the genuinely benevolent, for it takes deplorably little to frighten the selfish out of any faint notion which they may ever have entertained of acting beneficently.

The good aims of the benevolent sometimes meet with serious obstructions in the circumstances of society, and the state of mind of private parties. Their aims may be pure as the light of heaven, but there may be so many who seek to advance their own narrow interests under the pretext of benevolence, that the public, warned by former damage, view every thing of the kind with distrust. Individuals, in like manner, are sometimes so accustomed to hard

usage on the part of their fellow-creatures, that when any one addresses them in the voice of kindness, they recognise it not, or only recognise it to harden up their natures against it as but a more insidious means of doing them an injury. One half of the evils of the world might be instantly alleviated, if well-considered good intention could be instantly, in all cases, sure of meeting with confidence; but this the veteran battalion of pretenders render impossible. Confounded, then, with the designing and selfish, the benevolent are often met by society, and by private parties, with a show of hostile feeling for which they were little prepared. But they ought to be prepared for such opposition, and should determine beforehand not to be discouraged by it. That very condition of mind which dictates such opposition, ought to operate with every truly benevolent person as an additional incentive to good works, for is it not distressing to think of people being brought, by the circumstances in which they live, to regard pure goodness with suspicion, and to seek to cover it with obloquy! To do away with such feelings, and replace them by those of mutual kindness, must be objects dear to every well-constituted mind. Where benevolent and well-conceived plans are met with opposition of a different kind—as, for example, prejudices which blindly condemn every thing that is new—so still is the author of them called upon to take no discouragement therefrom. He may be assured that plans conceived in a benevolent spirit, and really calculated for the good of mankind, will in time make their way, if duly persevered in.

Perhaps the most bitter of all the disappointments of the benevolent are those which arise from ingratitude. This is certainly one of the feelings which most degrade our nature, and it would not be easy to speak of it in terms of too severe reprobation. Where a request has been granted, or a benefit conferred, or even a sociable civility shown, in the spirit of genuine benevolence, the appropriate return on the part of the receiver is *gratitude*, itself a kind and genial feeling, and equally amiable with benevolence. What a violence is it to this beautiful appropriateness, when *ingratitude* is substituted—when, instead of an angel, we embrace a devil!—and find that our good feelings have exposed us to malevolence and detraction, which perfectly neutral conduct would have probably avoided! When this occurs in all its severity, it is certainly a trial to the benevolent nature; yet, even in all its severity, it ought not to discourage from well-doing, for though one is ungrateful, another may not be so; and if good has been done—if human suffering has been alleviated, or human happiness increased—it cannot be said that all has been in vain.

Gratitude would perhaps be more generally shown, or ingratitude less complained of, if there were more moderate notions as to both feelings; and on this point we may perhaps give some useful hints. Both parties sometimes labour under considerable misapprehension as to what constitutes or proves gratitude. When any one is able to benefit another, he would be very unreasonable if he expected to receive, for certain, a full equivalent at the earliest opportunity. This may not be possible, and it is not necessary. The doer of the good deed has had a great enjoyment, if he be a really kind-natured man, in conferring the benefit, and perhaps it was no more, after all, than what the benefited party does in the proportion of his ability, on all possible occasions, to others. If he is to have any advantage at all, he should be content if he only secures the grateful regard of the party he has benefited. This is a mere sentiment, but it is a very pleasing one to be the object of, and the smallest mat-

ter is sufficient to testify it, as the following anecdote will show.

A working man who lived in a cottage near a county town in the east of England, fell ill, and, receiving no wages during his illness, his wife was obliged to pawn most of their spare furniture, to raise funds for the support of the family. When this source of income was nearly exhausted, there seemed to be no alternative from going into the workhouse, which the poor man was very reluctant to do. A young medical man, who attended him gratuitously, saw the distress of the family, and, by relating the case to a benevolent gentleman of the neighbourhood, obtained from that person two pounds, which he applied for the relief of his patient, and thus put over the difficulty. As the spring advanced, the poor man recovered, and was able to resume his usual occupations. The young physician had almost forgot the circumstance, when one day he received a visit from his patient, who carried with him a small basket full of an early vegetable raised in his garden. "I have nothing to give you, doctor," he said, "in payment for your great kindness to me; but I thought that Mrs — might like a few of this year's potatoes before they come into the market, and here they are for her, if she will do me the favour to accept them." As our friend justly remarked, in telling us the story, "The gift was a trifle, but it showed the presence of a feeling honourable to the giver; and, regarding it in this light, I accepted the potatoes with the truest satisfaction."

If all benefactors were to look only for such returns, and all receivers of benefits to have the good sense and good feeling to make them, we should probably hear less of ingratitude. Unquestionably, to a generous nature, it is only the absence of such a sentiment as was exhibited by this working man—the absence of this mere feeling of grateful regard—which constitutes the sting of what is usually called ingratitude.

The benevolent might also guard against many disappointments on the score of ingratitude, if they were, in all cases, both before acting, and after they have acted, to take a liberal view of the circumstances of the other party. If that party be endowed with an unusual amount of self-esteem, or be peculiarly under the influence of some of those social prejudices which almost become a part of our nature, it may be necessary to take unusual care to avoid rousing in him the jealous feeling which prompts to ingratitude. So far from presuming upon the obligation, it may be proper, in that case, to appear as if you had forgotten it, or to use expedients for making it appear as a favour on the other side. How beautifully does the character of Scott shine out, when we find him supporting an old decayed Highland gentleman, and all the time pretending to be the obliged party, in as far as worthy Mr Campbell gave him service as a poor copyist! Certainly, a favour should never form an excuse for the least presumption upon the feelings of a fellow-creature—should never even afford an excuse for giving what all are so fond of giving to each other—advice; yet such advantages are sometimes taken of it by persons who mean not ill, and hence, we believe, much of the ingratitude which is complained of. When, on the contrary, we see delicacy of the kind practised by Scott towards his irritable dependant, we think we behold angels acting in human form.

There are critical circumstances in the relations of man to man, in which the greatest benefits are not to be expected for certain to produce gratitude. To give fair occasion for the exercise of this holy feeling, the parties should be in unequivocally fair circumstances

towards each other. We shall illustrate what we mean by a little story.

About the year 1820, the family of Mr Harris, a rich planter in Demerara, received an addition in the person of an infant negress, the child of a favourite female slave, who had died a few days after its birth. Mr and Mrs Harris had been married for several years, but had never had any children of their own, and felt therefore the more disposed to show a degree of affectionate attention towards the little creature thus thrown upon their kind sympathy for protection. A nurse was procured, and, along with the baby, installed as an inmate of Harris Hall, the mistress of which seemed to regard the child with as much interest as if it had been her own.

Mrs Harris was a person of refined manners, and possessed all the advantages to be derived from an excellent education, which, as her little protégée grew up, she endeavoured to communicate to her. In this she was favoured by the natural quickness and intelligence of Emily, who seemed to appreciate, to its utmost extent, the benevolent intentions of her mamma, as she always called her benefactress. When she was about twelve years of age, Mr Harris resolved to send her to England, in order to complete her education under competent masters; and for that purpose she was consigned to the care of Mr Harris's sister, a widow lady residing in London, who undertook to superintend her education.

After three years spent in England, she returned to the West Indies, where she was received with every demonstration of joy by Mr and Mrs Harris, who were delighted with the improvement which had taken place both in the manners and appearance of their charge. Not long after Emily's arrival at home, the family of which she was a member, as well as the neighbouring plantation owners, were thrown into a state of considerable alarm, by intelligence which they received of symptoms of dissatisfaction and rebellion having manifested themselves amongst a great proportion of the slave population of the island, and which, although of trifling import at first, required to be met with great firmness and decision on the part of the proprietors. The negroes had heard of the movement then making in England for their ultimate emancipation, and they thought, that unless they made some effort of themselves to show their desire for freedom, the grand object might not after all be obtained. In pursuance of this scheme, they formed themselves into armed bands, in which formidable shape they sallied forth to the mansions of some of the less popular masters, and in general they were only dispersed by calling in the aid of the military, who, from the first intimation of the insurrection, had held themselves in readiness for its suppression. During some days, these doings on the part of the slaves formed the chief topic of conversation; and it was observed that when Mr Harris made any remark condemnatory of their conduct, the lustrous eyes of Emily flashed with a peculiar expression, and she was seen frequently to leave the room, as if desirous of concealing from her friends the agitation which it appeared she was unable to suppress. This excited no surprise at the time, nor was it taken notice of, although subsequent occurrences served to impress it deeply on the recollection of those most interested in her. Mr Harris, in case of any thing unforeseen happening to him at this time, made his will, leaving a large portion of his fortune to Emily, accompanied by a request, that, in case of his death and that of his wife, she should seek an asylum in England with his sister, the lady formerly mentioned, to whom he bequeathed a suitable legacy.

His benevolent intentions towards Emily were, however, frustrated; for a few days after these arrangements were made, the slaves came to open revolt, and so dreadful were their threatenings, that there was no security felt unless under the immediate protection of the soldiers, of whom detachments were stationed in every quarter where it was considered likely that an attack would be made. One morning, Mr Harris was made aware of the approach of the enemy by the yells and shouting which they had not prudence enough to suppress; and, in the excitement of the moment, it occurred to him, that, were he to send Emily to receive them, possibly their vengeance might be averted, she being of their own blood, and under obligations to him, which, although never spoken of to herself, might, he thought, be made to weigh with those who were now his assailants. He told her of his determination, to which she willingly assented; and to render his security and that of his wife more

complete, he told her they would conceal themselves in a small closet, which she could lock on the outside, and he doubted not that her discretion would avert the evils they had to apprehend from an excited ignorant mob, or at least keep them at bay till the arrival of the military, who were, he hoped, not far distant. From their retreat, Mr and Mrs Harris could hear the voices of some of the ringleaders in violent altercation; and although the moment was a trying one for them, they had such implicit confidence in the sagacity of their ambassador, that they dreaded nothing farther than a very short period of imprisonment. But who shall paint their agony and horror when they heard the house entered by the negroes; heard them ascend the staircase; and, as if led by some instinct, enter the room connected with the closet in which they had sought concealment! They supposed that Emily, finding her persuasions and remonstrances alike fruitless, had been obliged to allow them to enter; but as the closet was locked from the outside, they still had a vague hope that they might escape. Their feelings may be imagined when they recognised the voice of Emily, bidding them advance, and promising to show them where they might find the objects of their search.

The senses of Mr and Mrs Harris were at this trying moment somewhat confused, but they could detect, as they thought, the sounds of the approach of the soldiers; and fortunate was it for the lives of both that their aid came so opportunely, for at the moment of their entering the room, Emily had unlocked the door, and exposed her defenceless master to the attacks of his rebellious servants. Luckily, her treachery was thus frustrated. She was taken into custody along with the insurgent slaves, but was afterwards released from confinement by the intercessions of Mr Harris, exchanging, however, only one degree of bondage for another scarcely less galling to the mind of an enlightened woman. She was transferred without loss of time to the field gang of labourers, and obliged to submit, in a deeply humiliated spirit, to all the irksomeness of that degraded condition.

Mr Harris soon after arranged his affairs, and, accompanied by his wife, came to England. It was long ere they recovered the shock which their feelings had sustained in the baseness and treachery of the creature whom they had fostered; nor could they account for it in any way, as she had always been gentle and affectionate towards them. But the mystery was at length cleared up. It appeared that her nurse, who had accompanied her to England, and remained with her during the period spent in her education, had impressed her with a strong sense of the wrongs suffered by her people at the hands of the whites. This feeling, festering in a susceptible mind, had extinguished the sense of individual gratitude, and led her to commit the treacherous act which has been described. In this case, as it seems to us, we are called upon to consider that the natural feelings had not fair play. Emily and her friends were in the first place grievously wronged, besides being exposed to all the corrupting influences of slavery. There was, therefore, from the first, a considerable chance against the kindness she experienced having its ordinary effects; and this her protectors should have taken into consideration beforehand, or felt as no disappointment in the event of her proving, as they thought, ungrateful.

Let us not be misunderstood, meaning that gratitude is not in any case to be looked for where the parties stand in false positions towards each other. We only mean that there is no reason to be surprised or dissatisfied, if a party greatly wronged do not show a consistent or steady gratitude for some small alleviations of the injuries with which he is visited. Bright examples often occur of gratitude shown by such parties towards individuals who had relaxed, as far as possible, the rigours of bad systems. We can relate one, the hero of which we see almost every day on the streets of the city in which we live. This individual had been, as a negro slave in the West Indies, treated kindly by his master, for whom he had therefore contracted a great regard. In time, by dint of severe extra labour, he wrought out his freedom, and sought a new home in Britain, settling as a tavern-keeper in a village almost within the suburbs of Edinburgh. Here he was a man of some political consequence, not only as having a vote for the county himself, but as exercising the influence of a superior nature over his neighbours. The ministerial candidate for the county obtained his suffrage and influence, and, being successful in the contest, asked him if there were any thing in which he could serve him, by way of testifying his gratitude. The answer was that he wished nothing for himself—indeed he thought it by no means right that the exercise of a political privilege should be followed by either reward or penalty; but since the member had acquired the power of doing some good, he would take leave to point out to him a worthy individual, in whose behalf he might use that power with advantage. He then stated that his old West Indian master had been reduced to poverty, and was now living in very straitened circumstances with his family in London. It was in favour of this gentleman that he could wish the member to exercise that influence which he had proposed to exercise for himself. It will surely be gratifying to know that the member did exercise his influence accordingly, and, by procuring a situation in a public office for the eldest son of the reduced West Indian, restored an unhappy family to comfort.

To sum up—it is abundantly clear that the benevolent are exposed to many disappointments, arising from the inferior natures of those they have to deal with, or from unfavourable circumstances, or from the mere accidents which take place in the current of human affairs; but it also seems to us very clear that no truly benevolent person will be driven altogether from his course by such considerations, as, in the exercise of benevolence itself, there must ever be a great satisfaction, and a good deed can never be so good as when it is performed in despite of unfavourable conditions, and more particularly in despite of all that can discourage on the part of those for whom it is performed.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

ALAIN CHARTIER, already noticed as a poet and chronicler of the fifteenth century, was greatly surpassed in the latter department of literature by two of his contemporaries—Enguerrand de Monstrelet, and Philippe de Comines. Enguerrand de Monstrelet was born in the year 1390, and died in July 1455. Extremely little is known of his personal history. During a considerable portion of his career, he filled, according to the best accounts, the post of Bailiff to the Chapter of Cambray, and was attached to the faction of the Duke of Burgundy, whose unprincipled acts were described in the extracts given from Chartier. The political partialities of Monstrelet, however, affect his trustworthiness very little, and chiefly from his plan of transcribing his authorities at length, in every narration of importance. His fidelity is thus ensured, though at the cost of occasional prolixity. As an illustration of his character and peculiarities as an annalist, we may point to his account of the contest between the Duke of Burgundy and the Duchess of Orleans, when the latter made an appeal to court against the former, as the murderer of her husband. The faithful chronicler gives the whole of the arguments and proceedings on both sides, and one could not well say which party he favoured at heart. The circumstances are related in the first of the fifteen volumes to which his History of France between the years 1401 and 1453, extends, in the English translation by Mr Johnes.

Monstrelet takes up his history from the period at which that of Froissart ends, and gives an account of his motives not unlike that of the canon of Valenciennes. "I, Enguerrand de Monstrelet (he begins), descended from a noble family, and residing, at the time of composing this present book, in the noble city of Cambray, employed myself in writing a history in prose, although the matter required a genius superior to mine, from the great weight of many events relative to the royal majesty of princes, and grand deeds of arms that will enter into its composition." He then entreats "all those noble persons who may read his book, if they find any virtuous actions worthy of preservation, and that may with delight be proposed as proper examples to be followed, to let the honour and praise be bestowed on those who performed them, and not on me, who am simply the narrator." Truly, the dignified yet modest tone of these fine old chroniclers might fittingly serve as an example to some of the more assuming annalists of our own days.

The passage which M. Tisot, an excellent judge in the matter, gives as a good specimen of Monstrelet, is one relating to the death of Jean de Montagu, a nobleman who filled the place of Grand-Master of France, in the reign of the young king, Charles VI. We give a version of it here.

"Many of the princes of the blood-royal being at Paris in these same days, that is to say, the (Sicilian) King Louis, the King of Navarre, the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, with other great seigneurs—and they, knowing from good information that Charles, the king (of France), was much impoverished in his finances, through his officers and governors, and that even his plate and jewels were pledged for debt—all of them one day took an opportunity of exposing to the king the condition of his affairs, and the bad management of his servants. There were then present the queen, the Duke of Aquitaine, and others of the great council; and they made it their general request that the king would consent to give some of them the power of inquiring into the conduct of those who had had the charge of the government and finances since the beginning of the reign, without any exceptions; and that the same commissioners should have the power of displacing, correcting, and punishing the defaulters, without any exception, as matters might require. This demand was granted by the king. And in order the better to execute their purpose, a great number of the said princes and lords left their hotels and went to lodge at the residence of the king at Saint Paul, where, aided by the advice of many of the nobles of parliament and chief men of the university, they continued for several days to prosecute the work of inquiry and reformation. To be brief, their labours resulted in showing them plainly, that those who had managed the finances of the kingdom, for nearly sixteen or twenty years bypast, had conducted themselves very ill, and had gathered large fortunes for themselves and their immediate relatives, to the prejudice of the state. Montagu, in particular, one of the principal servants of the king, was much ques-

tioned for his acts, and was finally ordered to be thrown into the prison of Chatelet with several other parties.

The commissioner appointed to execute this decree was Master Pierre des Essarts, and with him some of his officers; to whom were joined, by orders of the Duke of Burgundy, the Lords of Heilly and Rubais, and Master Rolant de Hutequerque. On a certain day, all of these found the said Montagu, and with him Martin Gouge, Bishop of Chartres, as the two were going to the church of Saint Victor to hear mass. The provost, when he met them, put his hands on Montagu and the said bishop, exclaiming to them, 'I place my hands on you by the royal authority, intrusted to me for the purpose.'

Then Montagu, hearing the words of the provost, was much amazed, and was seized with a great trembling; but recovering his heart, he replied to the said provost, 'Rascal! traitor! how darest thou be so bold as touch me?' To which the provost answered, 'Things will not go here as you imagine; for you shall pay for the great mischiefs which you have occasioned.'

Not being able to resist the provost, Montagu was bound very roughly, and borne straight to the prison of Little Chatelet, and with him the said Bishop of Chartres, who was president of the general chamber. In this place was Montagu put several times to the torture. Believing his end to be at hand under this trial, he asked his confessor what he should do; to which the priest replied, 'I see no other remedy, but that you should appeal against the Provost of Paris.' This was accordingly done, and, in consequence, the provost went to the lords who had given orders for the arrest, and made them aware of the said appeal. Upon this, they convoked the parliament to examine and discuss the matter; and in the end it was declared by the lords of the parliament, that the appeal should be held of no avail. Moreover, the matter being thus investigated and judged of, the same lords said to the provost, 'Make no delay, but go, accompanied by the people of Paris well armed, and make an end of the affair according to justice. Strike off the head of Montagu, and then fix it on the head of a lance in the market-place.'

Accomplishing which command on the seventeenth day of the month of October, the provost assembled and arranged the people, well armed, in the place Maubert, and in various other places; and then the said Montagu was brought out amid a great crowd, and made to strip off the greater part of his dress on a lofty scaffold. After that, his head was struck off and fixed on a lance as directed, and his body hung up by the armpits on a lofty gibbet."

The chronicle of Monstrelet forms so important a portion of the historical records of France, and even of Europe, in the fifteenth century, that, had our space permitted, we should have been glad to offer one or two additional extracts. The style of language employed by Monstrelet differs little from that of Alain Chartier.

The next French writer that occurs in the order of time, and demands our attention, is Philippe de Comines, an historian of still higher reputation than Enguerrand de Monstrelet. Comines was of baronial rank, and was born at the Castle of Comines, near Menin, in 1443. The distinction of his family gained him the favour of Charles the Bold, son of Philip Duke of Burgundy, at whose court the future annalist spent his early days. When Charles succeeded his father in the dukedom, Comines became one of his favourite counsellors, and, in this situation, had the good fortune to act as mediator between his master and Louis XI., when the latter was confined by his Burgundian vassal at Peronne. The wily Louis took great pains, on this occasion, to detach from the cause of the duke every man of talent whom he saw around him, and, by playing on the vanity of Comines, it is said, was successful in severing him from his allegiance to Burgundy. Sir Walter Scott relates the story in the novel of Quentin Durward. Charles of Burgundy, returning from the hunt one day, had commanded Philippe de Comines to pull off his boots. Seeing the reluctance of that gentleman to perform this menial office, the duke ordered him to sit down, and have his boots pulled off, by ducal hands, in turn. Comines assented, and the Burgundian prince, enraged at his offer being accepted, beat the head of his counsellor with his own boots, till the blood flowed in streams. After this event, Charles brutally bestowed on Comines the title of "Booted-head."

Such was the story which Louis artfully called to the mind of Philippe de Comines, accompanying it with such protestations of indignant sympathy, as won the historian from the cause of Burgundy to that of France. In 1472, he quitted Charles, and took up his residence with Louis. On the death of the latter, he lost the favour of the court, but afterwards recovered it, and was employed in many important affairs under Charles VIII. He died at his lordship of Argenton, on the 16th of August 1509.

The historical labours of Philippe de Comines are comprised in his Memoirs of Louis XI. and Charles VIII. of France, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and the English kings, Edward IV. and Henry VII., the principal European potentates of their time. The fidelity, discrimination, and sound judgment of Comines, are almost proverbial. He looked into the characters of men with a clear and searching eye, and

few historical portraits equal in interest those which he has drawn of the sovereigns, Louis of France and Charles of Burgundy. The description of the famous meeting of the kings Edward and Louis on the bridge of Picquigny, may be taken as a specimen of the style of Comines. Suspicious of each other in the extreme, the French and English monarchs had caused to be built a large wooden grate, somewhat resembling a lion's cage, about breast high, so that the two might lean over it and discourse together. "The King of England advanced along the causeway very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king. There were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain called the Lord Hastings, his chancellor, and other peers of the realm; among which there were not above four dressed in cloth of gold like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large flower-de-luce, made of precious stones, upon it. He was a prince of a noble majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat: I had seen him before, when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of the kingdom, when I thought him much handsomer, and, to the best of my remembrance, my eyes had never beheld a more beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap, and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning over the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect. They embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus:—'Cousin, you are heartily welcome; there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion.' The King of England returned the compliment in very good French; then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Ely) began his speech with a prophecy (with which the English are always provided), that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French. After he had finished his harangue, the instrument was produced, which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The chancellor demanded of our king whether he had sent the said articles, and whether he had agreed to them? The king replied, 'Yes'; and King Edward's being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon the book, and the other upon the true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated, as was stipulated by the said treaty of peace. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our king (who had always words at command) told the King of England, in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his majesty at Paris, where there were many beautiful ladies, and where he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his majesty several handsome repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion. After some discourse to the purpose, our king pressed him no farther, but recalling the company, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner, and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier; and, mounting on horseback, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army."

Most readers will remember the picture given in Anne of Geierstein of the rash and unruly Charles of Burgundy, after his first defeat by the Swiss. How much Sir Walter was indebted to the vivid description of Philippe de Comines, will here be seen. "The concern of Charles for his defeat at Granson was so great, and made such deep impressions on his spirits, that it threw him into a violent and dangerous fit of sickness; for whereas before, his choler and natural heat were so great that he drank no wine, only in a morning he took a little tisane, sweetened with conserve of roses, to refresh himself; this sudden melancholy had so altered his constitution, he was now forced to drink the strongest wine that could be got, without any water at all; and to reduce the blood to his heart, his physicians were obliged to apply cupping-glasses to his side; but this (my Lord of Vienna) you know better than I, for your lordship attended on him during the whole course of his illness, and spared no pains that might contribute to his recovery; and it was by your persuasion that the duke was prevailed upon to cut his beard, which was of a prodigious length. In my opinion, his understanding was never so perfect, nor his senses so sedate and composed, after this fit of sickness, as before. So violent are the passions of persons unacquainted with adversity, who never seek the true remedy for their misfortunes, especially princes who are naturally haughty; for in such cases our best method is to have recourse to God, to reflect on the many vile transgressions by which we have offended his Divine goodness, to humble ourselves before him, and to make an acknowledgment of our faults; for the event of all human affairs is in his power, and at his disposal alone: he determines as it seems best to his heavenly wisdom, and who dares

question the justness of his dispensations, or impute any error to him?"

Philippe de Comines is an author whom the general reader of the present day may consult with much profit, and greatly to his entertainment.

IRISH HEDGE-SCHOOLS AND DOMINIES.

MR and MRS HALL's very beautiful work on Ireland, we are glad to observe, continues to sustain its reputation, and, if any thing, to increase in interest. The mechanical execution of the wood engravings and typography is in itself deserving of all praise, and affords a striking evidence of the great advance in these departments of art. In the sixth number, which has just appeared, the reader will be amused with an account of the old "hedge-schools" of Ireland, now nearly extinct, and the "poor scholars" who wander about receiving education from charitably disposed "dominies." From the account of these seminaries, so illustrative of the kindly feelings of the Irish, we cannot refrain from giving an extract.

"Kerry [in the south-west of Ireland] possesses one distinction for which it has long been famous—the ardour with which its natives acquire and communicate knowledge. It is by no means rare to find among the humblest of the peasantry, who have no prospect but that of existing by daily labour, men who can converse fluently in Latin, and have a good knowledge of Greek. A century ago, Smith wrote that 'classical reading extends itself, even to a fault, among the lower and poorer kind in this country; many of whom, to the taking them off more useful works, have greater knowledge in this way than some of the better sort in other places'; and he adds, that 'in his survey he had met with some good Latin scholars who did not understand the English tongue.' A more general spread of information, and increased facilities for acquiring it, have deprived Kerry of the honour of being exclusively the seat of peasant-learning in Ireland; but its inhabitants are still remarkable for the study of the dead languages, acquaintance with which has been formed by the greater proportion of them literally under a hedge.

The genuine 'hedge-schools' of Kerry are rapidly disappearing; and, necessarily, with them the old picturesque schoolmasters—in some respects a meritorious, in others a pernicious, class: for wherever there was disaffection, the village schoolmaster was either the originator or the sustainer of it—was generally the secretary of illegal associations, the writer of threatening notices, and too frequently the planner and leader in terrible outrages. The national system of education has destroyed their power, by substituting in their places men who are, at all events, responsible to employers interested in their good characters and good conduct. The ancient dominies, however, had their merit; they kept the shrivelled seed of knowledge from utterly perishing, when learning, instead of being considered

'better than house and land.'

was looked upon, as an acquirement for the humbler classes, in the light of a razor in the hands of a baboon—a thing that was dangerous, and might be fatal, but which could do no possible good either to the possessor or to society. The Irish schoolmaster is now paid by the state, and not by 'sods of turf,' 'a dish of praties,' 'a dozen of eggs,' or, at Christmas and Easter, 'a roll of fresh butter'; for, very commonly, there was no other way of liquidating his quarterly accounts; yet this mode of payment was adopted eagerly on the one side, and received thankfully on the other, in order that 'the gossoon might have his bit of learning, to keep him up in the world.' The English of the lower classes covet knowledge, but only as a source of wealth; an Irishman longs for it as a means of acquiring moral power and dignity. 'Rise up yer head, here's the master; he's a fine man with great larnin'.' 'Whisht! don't be putting in your word; sure he that's spakin' has fine larnin'.' 'Sure, he had the world at his foot from the strength of the larnin'.' 'A great man entirely, with a power of larnin'.' 'No good could ever come of him, for he never took to his larnin'.' 'What could you expect from him?—since he was the size of a midge he never looked in a book.' Such are the phrases continually in the mouths of the Irish peasantry: utter worthlessness is invariably supposed to accompany a distaste for information; while he who has obtained even a limited portion of instruction is always considered superior to his fellows who are without it, and precedence on all occasions is readily accorded to him. Those who would teach the Irish have, therefore, a fine and rich soil upon which to work.

'The hedge-schools' are, as we have intimated, almost gone from the country. During our recent visit, we saw but two or three of them; some twenty years ago we should have encountered one, at least, in every parish. They received their peculiar designation from the fact, that in fine weather the school-room was always removed out of doors; the dominie sat usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins, his pupils, were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the 'Gough,' or 'Voster' (the standard arithmetics of Ireland long ago), scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Cornelius Nepos, or occupied upon the more abstruse

mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, 'book in hand,' upon, or at the base of, the turf-rick, that was always within the master's ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay any thing—'poor scholars,' as they were termed, who received education 'gratis'; and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, unprotected orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farm-house as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the 'poor scholar' was sure of a 'God save you kindly,' and 'Kindly welcome,' wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his ink-horn suspended from his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on 'the boy that had his mind turned for good.' Now and then a 'good-for-nothing' would take upon himself the habit and name of a 'poor scholar,' and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted. Such fellows used to be seen lounging about the corners of the streets in country towns, pretending they 'war goin' to Kerry for larning, God help 'em, when they got a thrille to pay their expences.' They were invariably great thieves, and fetchers and carriers of strife and sedition, and generally terminated their career as professed beggars. Very different from such was a lad we knew in our youth, and whose simple history we delay our readers to hear; it will illustrate the 'scholastic system' we are describing, and at the same time exhibit the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish peasant.

It was towards the middle of September, or, as they in Ireland usually style the period, 'the latter end of harvest,' several years ago, that we were sedulously gathering a nosegay of blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies, in the field of a dear relative, whose labourers were busily employed in reaping. A group of Irish harvesters are generally noisy, full of jest, and song, and laughter; but we observed, that although not more diligent than usual, these were unusually silent—yet the day was fine, the food abundant, and no 'sickness' afflicted the neighbourhood. [In rambling about, they discover a lad, a poor scholar, afflicted with fever, lying in a hollow part of a tree, and who, as they ascertained, was under the nursing care of the harvesters.] Two young men in particular took it turn about to sit up with the lone child the greater part of the night, listening to the feeble ravings he uttered about his mother and his home, and moistening his lips with milk and water—the fatigue of the day's labour under a scorching sun, with no more strengthening food than potatoes and milk, did not prevent their performing this deed of love and charity. When we discovered him, the fever—to use Anty's words—*had turned on him for good*, and he was perfectly rational, though feeble almost beyond belief, and only opening his lips to invoke blessings upon his preservers. We found that he had suffered from measles, rendered much worse than they generally are by fatigue, want, and ill-usage. A few evenings after, when the golden grain was gathered into shocks, and the field clear of its labourers, we set forth, accompanied by Patrick's first benefactress, to pay him a visit. The weather was clear and balmy, and so still that we could hear the grasshopper rustle in the tufts of grass that grew by the path. The corn-creek ran pinking and creaking across the stubble, and one by one, before the sun had set,

'The wee stars were dreaming their path through the sky.'

It was a silent but not a solitary evening, for every blade of grass was instinct with life, peopled by insect wonders, teeming with existence—creating and fostering thought. Even Anty felt the subduing influence of the scene, and walked without uttering a word. As we drew near the old tree, we heard a faint, low, feeble voice—the voice of a young boy singing, or rather murmuring, snatches of one of those beautiful Latin hymns which form a part of the Roman Catholic service. We knew that it proceeded from poor Patrick, and Anty crossed herself devoutly more than once while we listened. He ceased, and then by a circuitous path we got to the hollow side of the tree.

The poor lad was worn down by sickness, and his eyes, naturally large, seemed of enormous size, looking out as they did from amid his long tangled hair. His head was pillowed on his books; and it would seem as though the 'plaiskens' of half the old women in the parish had been gathered together to do him service. His quivering lips only opened to express gratitude, and his thin hands were clasped in silent prayer when we left him. His tale had nothing remarkable in it—it was but one among many. He was the only son of a widow, who having wed too early, was reduced from comfort to the depths of privation. Her young husband closed his sorrows in an early grave, and she devoted her energies to the task of providing for her two children. The girl was blind from her birth, and the boy, whose feelings and manners would have led

to the belief, so prevalent in Ireland, of the invariable refinement of 'dacent blood,' resolved to seek by the way-sides and hedges the information he had no means of obtaining in staterial seminaries. Those who know how strongly the ties of kindred are intertwined round an Irish heart—only those can understand how more than hard it is for the parent to part with the child. Notwithstanding, Patrick was blessed and sent forth by his mother—an Ishmael, without the protecting care of a Hagar—amid the wilderness of the world. More than once he returned to weep upon her bosom, and to repeat the assurance, that when they met again he would be a credit to his name. He had, as Anty said, suffered wrong from an ignorant school-master, who plundered him of the small collection the priest of his parish had made for his benefit, and then ill-used him.

His illness we have told of; his recovery was hailed with hearty joy by 'the neighbours,' who began to consider him as a property of their own—a creature they had all some interest in. He was duly received at the school, the master of which deserved the reputation he had achieved—for, despite his oddity, and a strong brogue of the true Munster character, he was a good classic of the old régime, and a most kind-hearted man. Although no dominie ever entertained a more exalted opinion of his own learning, or held ignoramus (as he pronounced the word) in greater contempt than Mr Devereux—still, when he found a pupil to his mind, who would work hard and constantly, he treated him with such consideration, that the youth was seldom permitted to speak except in the dead languages. He wore a rough scratch wig, originally of a light drab colour; and not only did he, like Miss Edgeworth's old steward in 'Castle Rackrent,' dust his own or a favoured visitor's seat therewith, but he used no other pen-wiper, and the hair bore testimony of having made acquaintance with both red and black ink. He prided himself not only on his Latin and mathematical attainments, but on his 'manners'; and even deigned to instruct his pupils in the mysteries of a bow, and the necessity for holding the head in a perfectly erect position. Sometimes he would condescend to bestow a word of advice to one of the gentler sex, such as—'Jinny, that's a good girl; I knew yer mother before you were born, and a fine, straight, upright *Girtha* she was—straight in mind an' body; be a good girl, Jinny, and bould up yer head, and never sit back on your chair—only so—like a poplar, and keep yer heels together and yer toes out—that's *rale* manners, Jinny.' Often did he exclaim to Patrick, 'Lave off discoorsing in the vulgar tongue, I tell you, and will you take up your Cornelius Naps, to say nothing of Virgil, if you please, Mather Patrick, and never heed helping Mickey-the-goose with his numbers. Hant! he Gough and Voster, or part of them any way!—for the pig ate simple addition and compound fractions out of both the one and the other. And, Ned Lacey, I saw you copying I know what, upon yer thumb-nail off Patrick's slate. I'll thumb-nail ye, you mane puppy! to be picking the poor boy's brains that way; but the time will be yet, when you'll be glad to come to his knee, for it is he that will have the vestments, and not the first nor the last, please God, that got them through my instructions. Patrick, sir, next Sunday, when you go up to the big house, as you always do, mind me, sir, never open yer lips to the mistress or the young ladies but in Latin—Greek's too much for them, you understand me, unless they should ask you to give them a touch of it out of feminine curiosity, knowing you have the advantage of being my pupil; but no vulgar tongue out of your head, mind that; and when you go into the drawing-room, make *yer* bow with yer hand on yer heart, in the first position, like an Irishman.'

Under all his pomposity of manner there was much sterling good—the old schoolmaster never would accept of any remuneration from a 'fatherless child,' and consequently had an abundant supply of widows' children in his seminary. 'What does it cost me,' he would say, 'but my breath? and that's small loss—death will have the less to take when my time comes—and sure it will penetrate to many a heart, and give them the knowledge that I can't take out of the world with me, no more than my other garments.' In less than a year, Patrick had become his teacher's right hand; he was not only his 'first Latin,' but in a fair way to become his first Grecian; and the only thing that tormented the worthy schoolmaster was that Patrick was 'no hand' at 'mathematicks.' He wrote frequently to his mother, and sometimes heard from her; but at last came the mournful intelligence that he could see her no more. She had perished of fever—one of those dreadful fevers that finish the work commenced by starvation, had taken her away from present care, and denied her all participation in the honours she anticipated for her son. The news crushed the heart of the poor scholar, and with it was mingled not only sorrow for the departed, but a deep anxiety on account of his little blind sister. 'The neighbours,' he said, 'will, I know, keep her among them—a bit here, a sup there—and give her clothes enough for summer; but my dread is that she'll turn to begging, and that would be cruel to think of—my poor little blind Nelly.'

'Where are you going this evening, Patrick?' inquired the old schoolmaster, as his favourite pupil was leaving, having bidden him his usual respectful good-day.

'I promised Mrs Nowlan, sir, I'd go up there and read a bit with the boys, to help them with you.'

'Well, never mind that now; I want to discoors you this evening.'

'Thank you, sir,' he replied with a heavy sigh, hanging his hat on the same peg that supported the dominie's greatcoat; 'but the trouble has moiered my head—I'm afraid I'm not equal to much to-night, sir.'

'Ah!' said the old man, 'learning's a fine thing, but there are things that ruin it intirely—in vulgar phrase, that bother it. Sit down, Patrick, and we'll see if for once the master and his pupil—the old man's and the young one's thoughts—go the same way.'

Patrick did as 'the master' desired. 'Tell me,' inquired the dominie, resting his elbows on his knees—'tell me, did the news you got, poor fellow, determine you on doing any thing particular?'

'It did, master, it did; God help me, and look down upon and bless you, and every one that has been kind and good to me!'

'What have you determined!—or have you brought your resolution to a point?'

'I have, sir. It's hard parting; but the little girl, sir—my poor blind sister—the lone darling that never wanted sight while she had her mother's eyes—the tender child, sir; the neighbours are all kind, all good, but they can't be expected to take for a continuance the bit out of their own mouths to put it into hers—that can't be expected—nor it shan't be. I mean to set out for home on Monday, sir, please God; and be to that poor blind child mother, and father, and brother. She is all of my own blood in the world now, and I can't make *her* heart as dark as *her* eyes. Thanks be to the Almighty, I have health and strength now, which I had not when I left home—health, strength, and knowledge; though, he added in a tone of intense sorrow, 'that knowledge will never lead me to what I once hoped it would.'

'What do you mean?' inquired the old schoolmaster; 'expound.'

'My heart, sir, was set, as you know, on making my way to the altar; but His will be done! I was too ambitious; I must work to keep Nelly—she must not starve or beg while I live upon good men's hearts. We are alone in the wide world. Instead of learning, I must labour, that's all; and I'm sure, sir, I hope you won't consider the pains you have taken with me thrown away. You have sown the good seed; if the rock is barren, it is no fault of yours; but it is not barren—why should I deny the feelings that stir within me? He could not proceed for tears; and the old man pushed his spectacles so violently up his forehead as to disturb his wig.

'What's to ail the little girl,' said Mr Devereux at last, 'to live, as many have done before her, in *forma pauperis*? Sure—that is, of a certainty, I mean, you found nothing painful in stopping a week at Mrs Rooney's and a month with the Driscols, and so on, and every one glad to have you.'

'God reward them! Yes, sir, that's thrue; and of late I've given the children, wherever I was stopping, a *lift of the learning*; but poor Nelly has no right to burden any one while my bones are strong enough to work for her—and she *SHALL NOT*!'

'And how dare you say that to my face, Patrick O'Brien?' screamed the schoolmaster, flinging his wig right on the nose of a respectable pig, who was poking it over the half-door intended to keep in the little children, and to keep out the pigs. 'How dare you, in your pupillage, say "she shall not"? I say *she shall*!—she shall burthen me. I say you shall go for her, and bring her here, and my old woman will be to her as she is to her own grandchildren, not a hair in the differ. All belonging to me—glory be to God!—are well to do in the world, and a blind child may be a bright blessing. Go, boy, go, and lead the blind girl here. I won't give up the honour and glory of my seminary because of an afflicted *colleen*. When you go to Maynooth, we'll take care of her; my grandchildren are grown too wise, and I'll be glad to have a blind child to tache poems and things that way to, of the long winter evenings, when I'm lonely for want of the lessons; so now no more about it. She'll be all as one as the baby of my old age, and you'll be Father Pat, and maybe I'd have the last blessed sacrament from yer hands yet.' And so he had; for this is no romance. The blind child was led by her brother to the old schoolmaster's dwelling. Many of the neighbouring poor said, 'God reward you, Mither Devereux—yer a fine man.' But the generous act excited no astonishment; generosity of character is so common amongst the peasantry, that it does not produce comment—they are in the constant habit of doing things and making sacrifices, which, if done long ago, would have been recorded as deeds of heroic virtue—but there are no village annals for village virtues; and at the time the schoolmaster's generosity made little impression on ourselves, simply because it was not rare, for near him lived a poor widow, who, in addition to her own three children, fostered one whom the wild waves threw up upon the shore from a wreck; and another, who took three of her brother's orphans to her one-roomed house; and another, who nourished the infant of a beggar, who died in her husband's barn, at the breast with her own baby.

The old schoolmaster is dead; but before he died, he had, as we have said, the desire of his heart. A blind sister lives with 'the soggarth' [young priest] to this day, and he is respected as all deserve to be

who build their own fortunes bravely and boldly, and having laid a good foundation, are not ashamed of the labour that wins the highest distinction a free-born man can achieve."

WOODEN PAVEMENT.

THE idea of paving streets with blocks of wood, laid perpendicular with the grain, is not of such recent origin as may be generally imagined. In 1825, a plan of this kind was proposed in London, and called forth in the Edinburgh Observer newspaper (June 10 of that year) a letter from a correspondent,* from which we extract the following passages:—

"I have just seen in a London periodical work the prospectus of a new plan for paving the streets of crowded cities and other thoroughfares. Though announced in England, the invention is by an ingenious Scotsman, Mr John Finlayson of Ayrshire, improver of the plough and harrow.

The groundwork of Mr Finlayson's proposal is simply to causeway the streets with pieces of wood (the grain perpendicular) instead of stones. Though wood is more perishable than stone under certain circumstances, it is known that a piece of wood will resist, uninjured, a force that would grind a stone to powder. Mr Finlayson discovered this fact by an experiment made when a boy in his father's farm-yard. Observing the stones of a particular piece of roadway to sink frequently, he cut some pieces of wood into blocks, and having first laid planks lengthways below, laid down the blocks among the stones. At the end of twenty-five years, when the stones were entirely worn, the wood remained uninjured.

Macadam's plan failed in the London streets, new metal having to be laid almost every day, and the dust being excessively troublesome. Mr Finlayson's plan, which is expressly calculated for thoroughfares, precludes all such evils. The following is a brief enumeration of some of the chief advantages of Mr Finlayson's plan:

1. Being laid on an iron floor or frame-work, the whole pavement would be quite uniform and steady.
2. In removing any portion for laying pipes, it might be replaced easily in the original position. Not so with Macadam's plan.
3. The pavement being on a complete level between the footways, there would be more accommodation for carriages, and the whole might be cleared and cleaned nightly by water from the water-plugs.
4. The gas and water mains should be laid in cast-iron troughs, over which the iron framework and blocks might be laid, rendering them easily accessible.
5. Thirty per cent. at least would be saved in the tear and wear of horses and carriages, on account of the smoothness and facility of the pavement.
6. In the same proportion as the wooded pathway would be easily cleaned, so would the health of the inhabitants of the place be improved.

The blocks of which Mr Finlayson's pavement is constructed are to be square, with interstices of one inch in width, which are to be filled with small stones, in order to give firmness to the work, and some degree of roughness to the surface, to prevent the pavement from being slippery. The framework will resemble the hollows of a honey-comb; the blocks will be of larch-fir, one of our most durable woods."

We never heard whether Mr Finlayson's plan met with any practical acceptance, but rather think it did not appear sufficiently feasible to encourage speculation even in the speculating times of 1825, and that it afterwards went entirely out of notice. The death of the inventor probably helped to consign it to forgetfulness. A few years ago, the idea of paving streets with wood was revived in London, and subjected to the test of experiment in Oxford Street; since which period, more than one variety of the plan has been suggested and put in practice. There are at present two modes under trial in the metropolitan streets, and these it will now be our duty to describe.

The first is that of Mr Stead. It consists of pieces of wood, each, we believe, from 4 to 8 inches deep, as cut lengthwise from the timber, and about six inches across, but fashioned round the sides into a hexagonal shape; in other words, we may suppose a long piece of timber to be shaped so as to have six equal sides, and then cut across into short lengths. One thing appears rather unfortunate at the outset with respect to this form of block—the loss of material in forming the hexagon. Whether the piece of timber be round, as, for instance, a small tree, or square, as in large logs of timber, there must necessarily be a considerable loss in shaving to produce the desired shape:

the expense of effecting this process is perhaps of inferior consideration. The blocks, at any rate, being formed, they are ready for use, and, like stones, may be tumbled down on the street, for the accommodation of the persons employed to lay them. By being cut in the hexagonal form, and all alike in size, they admit of being laid very neatly side by side, row after row, so as to leave no empty spaces or interstices. Two other circumstances require attention. The ground on which they are laid requires to be both uniformly solid and perfectly even, because if there be various degrees of hardness, or unevenness, individual blocks will be apt to sink, and thus an inequality of surface will be produced. Each block, also, in preparing, requires to be bevelled or pared off round the upper edges, so as to form hexagonal indentations in the general surface, after being laid down, by which a hold is given to the horses' feet. A solid line of stone, next the gutter on each side, forms the buttress against which the rows of blocks are understood to press, or to be sustained against lateral shifting. When laid with care, and before being dirtied and damaged by thoroughfare, the flooring of blocks exhibits a remarkably neat and regular appearance.

From what fell under our personal observation in London, as well as from general report, we are inclined to think that the plan of paving just alluded to has serious imperfections; and when we say so, we hope to detract neither from the ingenuity nor perseverance of the inventor; perhaps he may yet remedy what are the apparent defects of his system. The first thing that struck us on looking at the hexagonal block pavement, was its irregularity of surface—a thing we had not expected. Whether from the want of sufficient solidity and evenness of the substratum, or from want of fastenings to each other, individual blocks had here and there sunk, and formed ruts on the surface. Another thing that came under our attention was a swelling of the surface in some parts, as if wet had expanded the mass; probably these undulations would disappear at the return of a tract of dry weather.

The other plan of wood-paving now pursued, differs very materially from the above. It is the invention of a foreigner, Count de Lisle, and has two main points of difference from the other—first in the shape of the blocks, and second in an expedient for fastening them to each other. Each block is rhomboidal in shape, something like the ace of diamonds, and is square on the sides; the exact definition, we believe, is the "stereotomy of a cube." The size is six inches deep by nearly the same in width. The form of block will be better understood when we say, that if we take a square-sided piece of timber, and cut it *obliquely* across, at distances of six inches apart, we shall have so many rhomboids. In thus preparing blocks from squared logs of timber, as usually imported, there can be little loss of material besides that of the saw-dust—a matter, we should think, of no little consequence, when paving is to be executed on a large scale.

It will be remarked that this mode of paving differs materially from that of Mr Stead. In one respect alone is Mr Stead's plan perhaps superior. It offers the exact perpendicular top of the grain to the surface, whereas that of Count de Lisle presents the grain at a certain angle off the perpendicular, so that the tear and wear may be supposed to have a somewhat greater scope; practically, however, the wearing, as we understand, is not an eighth of an inch in two or three years, which affords a conclusive proof of the elastic power of resistance in wooden pavement. In consequence of the fastening with pins, the blocks are less dependent on the condition of the under-stratum than is the case with the isolated hexagonal pavement; but to ensure perfect stability, an even stratum of concrete is laid as a basis, and on this the blocks securely maintain their footing. This must be considered an important peculiarity in Count de Lisle's plan of paving.

The blocks being cut, and furnished with pins, may be considered as ready to be laid. In their final situation, they rest on one end, and consequently, from their rhomboidal form, lean individually to one side. Thus, in a row, each piece leans half over that which is before it. When one row has been laid down, all the pieces lean in one direction across the street, the next row being made to lean the contrary way, and so on with all succeeding rows. By means of the pins in the side, each row is fastened close and firmly up to the other, so as to prevent all shifting. If we now examine the principle on which the pressure is sustained by the united blocks, it will be observed that, by means of the overlapping, no single block supports any given pressure that falls upon it except at a point in the middle; at other points, the pressure is distributed over at least two blocks—the upper part of one, and lower part of another. The resistance which is therefore given by the mass to all the ordinary kinds of pressure from horses and vehicles, must be much greater than that offered by blocks standing isolated, either with respect to overlapping or pinning. Another very great advantage is the mode of laying down blocks pinned together in masses. It seems that lumps of a yard square, or thirty-six blocks, may be put down at once, and that a mile of street could be laid down in three days. In the event of after repairs, or when the streets are to be opened for laying gas or water pipes, these lumps can again with ease be taken up and laid aside. Across the upper surface, grooves are cut at short intervals, to afford indentations for the horses'

feet. The whole, when laid in a proper manner, has the appearance of neat oblong pavement.

It may now be asked, what are the practical advantages of wood in comparison to stone pavement? The advantages are far greater cleanliness, as respects either dust or mud, much less noise, and in some places considerably less expense. The only disadvantage, as far as we have ever heard, is the over-smoothness of surface, in consequence of which horses have a tendency to slip and come down. But we greatly doubt the truth of this assumption. All the times we have chanced to pass along Whitehall-street, where the best specimen of Count de Lisle's pavement is to be seen, we have never observed any accidents of this kind; and upon the whole, we believe that wherever the streets are level, or nearly so, there will be no more slipping than if the horses were walking over a stone pavement.

The experiments already tried in London have, according to all accounts, determined the superior efficacy of the Count's plan of paving, and it has for some time been conducted by an association (Metropolitan Patent Wood-Pavement Company), whose proceedings are thus noticed in the Railway Magazine for June 20, 1840:—

"In the plan of the company, we understand the wooden blocks are laid on concrete floorings, to give still further advantages to their form and method of pinning. A greater expense is thus incurred at first, but it tells in the end. Thus, for instance, the company offer to keep their pavement in repair, with the travelling in Oxford Street, for 2s. 6d. per square yard per annum, while under the plan of a macadamised road, we understand the cleaning alone amounts to L.1400 per annum, or near 1s. per square yard, and the annual repairs to L.5000, or 3s. 6d. per square yard more, making in all 4s. 6d., or nearly double that of the proffered offer to keep the wood in repair.

Again, as to the first outlay. The price proposed to be charged by the above company is somewhere about 12s. 6d. or 13s. per square yard for laying the pavement with the concrete flooring complete. Compared with the other wood, the hexagonal, which was, we heard, 9s., we confess we thought this high, though it was low in comparison with the advertised price, 14s. of the imperial, and not a half of what we hear that by St Clement's Church cost, that is, 32s. But it is not the first cost which is the test of expense; durability is a far more important object. One pavement might be dear at 9s., while another would be cheap at L.1. If, for instance, a pavement could be laid at 9s. which would last a year, it would be much cheaper to give L.1 for one that would last five years. And if we add the consideration of the inconvenience to the inhabitants, and loss in trade to them by having their streets every now and then broken up, and their business for the time interrupted and almost totally suspended, the first cost, to have a durable pavement, sinks into insignificance. But the first cost in wood is trifling compared with that of stone. We have been informed that an estimate to the vestry of St Marylebone to pave the whole of Oxford Street, about 30,000 square yards, with smooth granite, was for L.28,000, or nearly 19s. per square yard, that is about L.8,500, or 44 per cent. higher than the price of wood. If tooled granite were used, it probably could not be done under 32s. per square yard, or L.48,000; that is, no less than 147 per cent. higher. Rough stone might perhaps be laid down for L.23,000, or about 15s. per yard, but every one knows this would never answer in a street of great traffic.

What the first cost of macadamising is with granite we have not learnt, but we believe it is much higher than that of the metropolitan patent wood, and the annual expense afterwards is awful. For instance, Blackfriars Bridge, which costs L.1000 annually to keep in repair as a macadamised road, cost only L.120 per annum when paved with stone. One great objection to macadamised roads, too, is the rough, unpleasant state of them when first laid, and another the intolerable dirt and dust of them afterwards, exclusive of noise. Wood is not only much less expensive in its first cost, but incomparably so in its subsequent annual maintenance. It has also the great advantage of being in a perfect state when first laid; and if the plan of the Metropolitan Company is adopted, of maintaining a smooth surface, and not wearing unevenly or sinking into holes, as long as the material lasts, which, if kyanised, may be very many years. Now, those who have experience in these matters assert that nothing but tooled granite laid in concrete will, in point of wear, compete with good wood pavement, and from what we have seen in Oxford Street, this does appear to be the case. If so, there can be no doubt of the great superiority of wood, and that the entire of the capital will before long be paved with it; for the very annual saving would, in a short time, amount to the cost of relaying with wood. In Oxford Street, under two and a half years' cost of repairs would do it, while in the mean time they would enjoy all the advantages of a two and a half years' earlier cessation of that noise, dust, and dirt, which it is the object of wood to avoid."

In London and various towns in England, the Count de Lisle's plan has latterly spread considerably, and is now generally esteemed. It does not appear likely to come into use, however, in places where stone is abundant. The cost of about 11s. or 12s. per square yard for wooden blocks may be cheap in London, but would be excessively high in Edin-

* This correspondent is now one of the editors of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

burgh, where stone-paving costs for the same quantity about 4s. 6d. We may conclude, therefore, with observing, that wherever stone is scarce, or expense is of inferior importance to a riddance of dust and mud, and the securing of quietness, there may wood-paving be advantageously applied.

THE GIPSIES IN SPAIN.

A CURIOUS work has just been produced by Mr George Borrow, late agent for a British Bible Society in Spain, on the subject of the gipsies of that country.* In Mr Borrow's two volumes, there is much matter of interest, the customs of the gipsy race in no particular land having ever before been so thoroughly investigated. Before advertizing to our author's statements, we shall premise a few statistical facts regarding the gipsies in general.

This remarkable people are termed *Gitanos* in Spain, *Gipsies* in England, *Zigeners* in Germany, *Bohemians* in France, *Hungarians* in some other countries, and *Zingari* or *Zingali* in Italy. These names, with the exception of the last, are almost all of them founded on peculiar theories regarding the origin of the race. The gipsies themselves use the word *Zincali* or *Zingali* as a designation, though the appellation they more commonly employ is *Rommany*, which they apply both to their race and their language. It is only about four centuries ago since this people made their first appearance in Europe, and yet, short as the interval has been, the place whence they came, and the nation from which they are derived, are matters of conjecture and doubt. This is rendered the more extraordinary by their comparatively large numbers. It is calculated that there are now about 100,000 of them dispersed over Europe, a number which shows them to have been originally a strong body. They abound most in Turkey, Russia, and in Austria, particularly in Hungary; and in France, also, there are about 10,000 of them. In England and Scotland, though they formed settlements there pretty early (as, for example, at Little Egypt in Scotland, where their chief took the title of a prince or duke), the gipsies are not now very numerous. In Persia, there are many of them, and throughout the east they are called *Zingari*. Every where these people exhibit the same personal qualities, follow the same customs and mode of life, and speak the same language. Their persons are decidedly oriental in cast. Their colour of skin is an olive-brown; and they are remarkable for regularity of features and bodily symmetry. After being for five years among them, Mr Borrow came to the conclusion that the "race is the most beautiful in the world." That beauty, however, decays at a very early age, partly from the exposed style of their living, and partly, we may suppose, from hereditary eastern prematurities of constitution. Almost universally, the *Zingali* pursue a wandering life, dwelling in camps, and roving from place to place in the practice of petty tinkering professions. Too often they add predatory habits to these pursuits. In some few spots only, as at Moscow, they are to be found in houses, living like other people, and following ordinary trades. Some of the gipsies of Moscow have been successful enough in life to enable them to acquire much property, and to possess elegant dwellings and equipages. More frequently, however, as in the case of the majority of the Spanish *gitanos*, they are merely a race of wandering robbers; but even in Spain there are colonies of them settled in towns.

From the character, appearance, and language of the gipsy race, it is generally concluded that they came from India. On entering Europe, they described themselves as Christians from Egypt, expelled by the Saracens, and so obtained their most common name and a hospitable reception. But their statement was entirely false. They have no religion, or rather are indifferent to all religions; and no emigration from Egypt, such as they described, ever took place. The name *Zincali* means "black men of Zind or Ind," and from that quarter they most probably came. But, admitting this to be the fact, there is still a difficulty behind. Some would have it that they were simply a Hindoo tribe, expatriated by Tamerlane. In reality, however, as is proved by eastern writers, the *Zingari* were as distinct a race in India in Tamerlane's time, as they are now in Europe, and had the same roving and predatory habits. Their peculiar origin is therefore still unaccounted for. Various learned men have solved the difficulty by regarding them as one of the lost tribes of Israel, and their habits are certainly rather of the Arabian than the Hindoo cast. But, having traced the gipsies to India, we must then pause in doubt. There are yet many *Zingari* in India, and it is said that they speak a peculiar inflection of Malay, yet retained by some old gipsies even in England.

Whatever may have been the cause of their quitting India and coming to Europe, certain it is that they did move from the east towards the west in large bands in the fifteenth century. In 1417, they reached France from the north-east, and soon after made a descent on Spain. A French author of the time calls them "penitents from Egypt, expelled by the Saracens," and describes the men as having "their ears pierced with rings of silver," while the "women were sore-creases and told fortunes." The life which

they then adopted and pursued, they pursue in Spain to this day. Mr Borrow thus describes it:—"It was not uncommon for a large band or tribe to encamp in the vicinity of a remote village, scantily peopled, and to remain there until, like a flight of locusts, they had consumed every thing which the inhabitants possessed for their support, or until they were scared away by the approach of justice, or by an army of rustics assembled from the surrounding country. Then would ensue the hurried march; the women and children, mounted on lean but spirited asses, would scour along the plains fleetly than the wind; ragged and savage-looking men, wielding the scourge and goad, would scamper by their side or close behind, whilst perhaps a small party on strong horses, armed with rusty matchlocks or sabres, would bring up the rear, threatening the distant foe, and now and then saluting them with a hoarse blast from the gipsy horn.

Let us for a moment suppose some unfortunate traveller, mounted on a handsome mule or beast of some value, meeting, unarmed and alone, such a rabble rout at the close of eve, in the wildest part, for example, of La Mancha. We will suppose that he is journeying from Seville to Madrid, and that he has left, at a considerable distance behind him, the gloomy and horrible passes of the Sierra Morena; his bosom, which for some time past has been contracted with dreadful forebodings, is beginning to expand; his blood, which had been congealed in his veins, is beginning to circulate warmly and freely; he is fondly anticipating the still distant posado and savoury omelet. The sun is sinking rapidly behind the savage and uncouth hills in his rear; he has reached the bottom of a small valley, where runs a rivulet at which he allows his tired animal to drink; he is about to ascend the side of the hill; his eyes are turned upwards; suddenly he beholds strange and uncouth forms at the top of the ascent—the sun descending slants its rays upon red cloaks, with here and there a turbaned head, or long streaming hair. The traveller hesitates, but reflecting that he is no longer in the mountains, and that in the open road there is no danger of banditti, he advances. In a moment he is in the midst of the gipsy group, in a moment there is a general halt; fiery eyes are turned upon him, replete with an expression which only the eyes of the Roma possess; then ensues a jabber, in a language or jargon which is strange to the ears of the traveller; at last an ugly urchin springs from the crupper of a halting mule, and in a hissing accent intreats charity in the name of the Virgin and the Majoro. The traveller, with a faltering hand, produces his purse, and is proceeding to loosen its strings, but he accomplishes not his purpose, for, struck violently by a huge knotted club in an unseen hand, he tumbles headlong from his mule. Next morning a naked and bloody corpse is found by an arriero; and within a week a simple cross records the event, according to the custom of Spain.

As horse and mule dealers—or, in other words, cheating jockeys—as tinkers, fortune-tellers, and as robbers, the *gitanos* have ever been famous. Each family had its captain, or *count*, who was chosen for his courage, strength, and other personal qualities, and who put in execution the laws of the society, directed all their movements, and planned their expeditions. The chief peculiarities of their code of laws were, that no gipsy was to marry out of his tribe, reveal its secrets, or teach its language; that no one was to sleep in the house of a person not of the sect, or refuse aid to a brother; and each gipsy was bound to wear a peculiar dress. Death or expulsion followed the infringement of these laws. The dislike which they have to all intermixture of their race with others has often caused fatal mischief.

Mr Borrow gives a lengthened vocabulary of the gitanos dialect, which he traces to the Sanscrit, or learned language of India, furnishing a strong proof that this vagabond race is of Hindostanee origin. He also presents a few specimens of their ballad poetry, which, as may be supposed, is of a wild character. To many the most interesting portions of the work will be the author's account of his efforts to Christianise these half-savages, and to impart a taste for reading portions of the New Testament, which he translated into their language. To make any impression upon their feelings, it was absolutely necessary that he should gain their confidence, and mingle with discretion, but without fear, in their riotous society. We give his account of a gitanos wedding, which he found it advisable to attend.

"After much feasting, drinking, and yelling, in the gipsy house, the bridal train sallied forth, a frantic spectacle. The betrothed pair were followed by their nearest friends; then came a rabble rout of gipsies, screaming and shouting, and discharging guns and pistols, till all around rang with the din, and the village dogs barked. On the conclusion of the ceremony, they returned in the same manner in which they had come. Throughout the day, there was nothing going on but singing, drinking, feasting, and dancing; but the most singular part of the festival was reserved for the dark night. Nearly a ton weight of sweetmeats had been prepared, at an enormous expense, not for the gratification of the palate, but for a purpose purely gipsy. These sweetmeats—of all kinds, and of all forms, but principally *yemas*, or yolks of eggs prepared with a crust of sugar (a delicious *bonne bouche*)—were strewn on the floor of a large room, at least to the depth of three inches.

Into this room, at a given signal, tripped the bride and bridegroom, dancing *romalis*, followed amain by all the *gitanos* and *gitanas*, dancing *romalis*. To convey a slight idea of the scene, is almost beyond the power of words. In a few minutes, the sweetmeats were reduced to a powder, or rather to a mud, and the dancers were soiled to the knees with sugar, fruits, and yolks of eggs. Still more terrific became the lunatic merriment. The men sprang high into the air, neighed, brayed, and crowed; while the *gitanas* snapped their fingers in their own fashion, louder than castanets, distorting their forms into all kinds of obscene attitudes, and uttering words to repeat which were an abomination. In a corner of the apartment capered the while Sebastianillo, a convict gipsy from Melilla, strumming the guitar most furiously, and producing demoniacal sounds which had some resemblance to Malbrun (Malbrouk), and as he strummed, repeating at intervals the gipsy modification of the song. The festival endures three days, at the end of which the greatest part of the property of the bridegroom, even if he were previously in easy circumstances, has been wasted in this strange kind of riot and dissipation. Peco, the gipsy of Badajoz, attributed his ruin to the extravagance of his marriage festival; and many other *gitanos* have confessed the same thing of themselves. They said that throughout the three days they appeared to be under the influence of infatuation, having no other wish or thought but to make away with their substance; some have gone so far as to cast money by handfuls into the street. Throughout the three days, all the doors are kept open, and all comers welcomed with a hospitality which knows no bounds."

The nature of the author's efforts to reclaim the race, will be understood from the following passages:—"Try them with the gospel, I hear some one cry, which speaks to all: I did try them with the gospel, and in their own language. I commenced with Peco and Chicharona [two of the gipsy women, who had often visited the author]. Determined that they should understand it, I proposed that they themselves should translate it. They could neither read nor write, which, however, did not disqualify them from being translators. I had myself previously translated the whole testament into the Spanish *Rommany*, but I was desirous to circulate among the *gitanos* a version conceived in the exact language in which they express their ideas. The women made no objection; they were fond of our *tertulias*, and they likewise reckoned on one small glass of Malaga wine, with which I invariably presented them. Upon the whole, they conducted themselves much better than could have been expected. We commenced with St Luke; they rendering into *Rommany* the sentences which I delivered to them in Spanish. They proceeded as far as the eighth chapter, in the middle of which they broke down. Was that to be wondered at! The only thing which astonished me was, that I had induced two such strange beings to advance so far in a task so unwonted, and so entirely at variance with their habits, as translation. These chapters I frequently read over to them, explaining the subject in the best manner I was able. They said it was *lachi*, and *juché*, and *misto*, all of which words express approval of the quality of a thing. Were they improved?—were their hearts softened by these Scripture lectures? I know not. Peco committed a rather daring theft shortly afterwards, which compelled her to conceal herself for a fortnight; it is quite possible, however, that she may remember the contents of those chapters on her deathbed—if so, will the attempt have been a futile one? I completed the translation, supplying deficiencies from my own version, begun at Badajoz in 1836. This translation I printed at Madrid in 1838; it was the first book which ever appeared in *Rommany*, and was called, *Embeo e Majaro Lucas*; or, Gospel of Luke the Saint. I likewise published, simultaneously, the same gospel in Basque, which, however, I had no opportunity of circulating. The *gitanos* of Madrid purchased the gipsy 'Luko' freely: many of the men understood it, and prized it highly, induced, of course, more by the language than the doctrine. The women were particularly anxious to obtain copies, though unable to read; but each wished to have one in her pocket, especially when engaged in thieving expeditions, for they all looked upon it in the light of a charm, which would preserve them from all danger and mischance; some even went so far as to say, that in this respect it was equally efficacious as the *bar lachi*, or loadstone, which they are in general so desirous of possessing. Of this gospel 500 copies were printed, the greatest part of which I contrived to circulate amongst the gipsies in various parts; I cast the book upon the waters, and left it to its destiny. I have counted seventeen *gitanos* assembled at one time in my apartment in the Calle de Santiago in Madrid: for the first quarter of an hour we generally discoursed upon indifferent matters, when, by degrees, I guided the subject to religion and the state of souls. I finally became so bold, that I ventured to speak against their inveterate practices, thieving and lying, telling fortunes, and stealing *a pautas*. This was touching upon delicate ground, and I experienced much opposition and much feminine clamour. I persevered, however, and they finally assented to all I said; not that I believe my words made much impression upon their hearts. In a few months matters were so far advanced that they would sing a hymn; I wrote one expressly for them in *Rommany*, in

* The *Zincali*, or Gipsies in Spain, &c. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1841.

which their own wild couplets were, to a certain extent, imitated. The people of the street in which I lived, seeing such numbers of these strange females continually passing in and out, were struck with astonishment, and demanded the reason. The answers which they obtained by no means satisfied them. 'Zeal for the conversion of souls—the souls, too, of gitanos—disparaté! the fellow is a bribón. Besides, he is an Englishman, and is not baptised; what cares he for souls? They visit him for other purposes. He makes base ounces, which they carry away and circulate. Madrid is already stocked with false money.' Others were of opinion that we met for purposes of sorcery and abomination. The Spaniard has no conception that other springs of action exist than interest or villany. My little congregation, if such I may call it, consisted entirely of women; the men seldom or never visited me, save when they stood in need of something which they hoped to obtain from me. This circumstance I little regretted; their manners and conversation being the reverse of interesting. It must not, however, be supposed that, even with respect to the women, matters went on invariably in a smooth and satisfactory manner. The following little anecdote will show what slight dependence can be placed upon them, and how disposed they are at all times to be grotesque and malicious. One day they arrived, attended by a gipsy jockey, whom I had never previously seen. We had scarcely been seated a minute, when this fellow, rising, took me to the window, and without any preamble or circumlocution, said, 'Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barias (ounces of gold). 'Not to your whole race, my excellent friend,' said I; 'are you frantic! Sit down, and be discreet.' He obeyed me literally, sat down, and when the rest departed, followed with them. We did not invariably meet at my own house, but occasionally at one in a street inhabited by gipsies. On the appointed day I went to this house, where I found the women assembled; the jockey was also present. On seeing me he advanced, again took me aside, and again said, 'Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barias.' I made him no answer, but at once entered on the subject which brought me thither. I spoke for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate and distinct people amongst the nations until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostle's Creed, in Roman. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me, with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted—the gentle Fépa, the good-humoured Chicharóna, the Casdami, &c. &c., all squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the trick, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

It is curious to remark how many notable lines of poetry, and peculiar expressions, go floating about in the ocean of literature, familiar to and quoted by every body, while nobody knows whence they came, or who may have been the original writers. Sometimes these stray snatches of literature preserve their primary mould, and, in other instances, they have been materially altered and remodelled, with the view of rendering them more buoyant. A few of these waifs have been noticed by us of late, and perhaps it may amuse some of our readers to find them traced to their origin.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

We venture boldly to say that the original source of this line is as little known as its sight and sound are familiar to the reading world. It occurs in one of the versified translations, from the Persian of Hafiz, by Sir William Jones.

"Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter if they please
The nymph for whom these strains are sung."

Another very famous line,

"And come to champagne and a chicken at last,"

is to be found in a song written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and addressed to Congreve. The verse runs thus:

"But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd 'as far both discretion and fear!"

Nobody, for these last hundred years, when desirous of making a pointed and pretty allusion to man in a rude and primitive state of society, has neglected to quote the line,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

This is to be discovered, shining like a gem among a heap of rubbish, in Dryden's rhymed play of the Conquest of Granada. The passage says,

"I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The following line in universal request is also attributable to John Dryden:

"And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

It occurs in the Cymon and Iphigenia of the poet, alluding to the "fool of nature," who

"Trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

Dryden has a great many powerful lines, roaming about in the sea of literary quotation, and which few are so well acquainted with his works as to know the source of. We suspect, that if the majority of people were asked to affiliate the subjoined lines—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,"

the answer would certainly be Pope. But they occur in the Absalom and Achitophel of Dryden, where many other familiar friends will be found to exist on examination.

There are three lines, almost all equally famous, and often quoted, which bear so striking a similarity to one another, that we cannot avoid concluding that the two last are but imitations of the first. Here they are; the reader may take off his hat to each in succession, for they are all, we feel assured, old friends. To save repetition, the context is also given here.

"The heir and hope of a great family,
Which with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools."

So sang the Earl of Rochester, in his Letter from Artemisa in town to Chloe in the country. The unfortunate Richard Savage hits off a country squire with similar point, describing him as

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

Pope, imitating Rochester with more plainness, and less skill, indeed, than Savage has done, bids the unillustrious great,

"Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood," &c.

It is curious that all of these lines should have attained to decided popularity, being certainly reiterations of one idea.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

We give this line in the form in which it is usually quoted. It is one of those which has undergone some changes, to fit it more fully for the general purposes of quotation, since it fell originally from the pen of the writer, who was Master Nathaniel Lee. It is to be found in his once popular play of Alexander the Great, in this shape:

"When Greeks joined Greek, then was the tug of war."

The former popularity of the play made, no doubt, the popularity of the line.

It is not our purpose to point here to any lines taken from sources familiar to every general reader, and which lines he has no difficulty in fathering, though he may not be able to indicate the particular poem, or portion of a poem, where they occur. No one is ignorant that

"Look in her face, and you'll forget them all,"

or,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

are from the mint of Pope. There is one line, however, which we deem worthy of a special allusion here, though almost every one would at once, and rightly, pronounce it Shakespeare's. It is the line,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Having had some difficulty in detecting the play in which this admirable moral truth occurs, we will save any curious reader the like trouble, by disclosing that it is to be found in a speech of Ulysses, in the third act of the little-read play of Troilus and Cressida. What we have done for this line, we may also do, though it may not be so necessary, for another famous phrase,

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

This is the close of Gray's Ode to Eton College.

We believe that Milton's Allegro and Penseroso, every line of which contains a picture or a maxim, almost a poem, are the pieces which yield the greatest number of popular quotations, for their length, of any pieces in the English language. Gray's Elegy perhaps stands next. But these are sources of quotation familiar to all, and, as such, are not to be dwelt on here.

THE UPPER CLASSES THE CORRUPTERS OF THE LOWER.

"We might enumerate various instances where they [the upper classes] are the wilful and direct aggressors in corrupting their humbler brethren, and where the latter have, nevertheless, to sustain all the shame and blame of the corruption. Time, however, presses, and we must confine ourselves to the mention of a single case; but it is one so monstrous and glaring as to be quite sufficient for our purpose. We allude to the proceedings that take place during election contests throughout the kingdom. In these contests are numbers of men of birth and station, aided by hosts of agents of a certain stamp and education, systematically employed in debauching the manners, stimulating the cupidity, purchasing the perfidy, and, by means of intimidation, overcoming the steadfastness and integrity of the constituency of the empire. Thousands would faithfully discharge the sacred trust reposed in them by their country, if they were allowed to exercise their own free will. Thousands would escape the sin of acting contrary to their honest views of what might best promote the interests of that country, for the sake of a miserable bribe, if it were not

that mercenary agents of wealth and power lie in wait to pollute their souls by the ignominious offer. But who thinks of the corruption of the poor man's virtue when compared with the indulgence of the rich man's vanity? How idle such a thought! The object of pursuit must be tried for at every cost, and at a tremendous cost it is often obtained, of the money of the one and the morals of the other. Where does the responsibility lie? Who is to sustain the guilt of all the disoluteness, the bribery, the perjury, the intimidation, the suppression of truth, the evasion of law, the perversion of right, and the thousand atrocities that follow in the train of an election contest? Who?—The ignorant elector or the educated candidate?—He that takes a bribe when tempted by distress, or he who proffers it when prompted by ambition? Answer this, ye men who legislate for the religious instruction of the people, and blush with the deepest crimson of remorse, while ye bear involuntary witness to the turpitude of your proceedings! What! Do ye presume to vote for an avowed object, which ye are secretly determined, as far as in ye lies, and when it serves your purpose, to obstruct and undermine? Have ye the effrontery to boast of being friendly to the education of the poor, conducted upon Christian principles, knowing that ye yourselves will be among the first to tempt them to spurn at and set those principles at naught? Away with such profligacy! What a mockery of all virtue is it—what a fraud on common sense—what deep and disgusting hypocrisy, to enact laws for conferring religious knowledge on those whose minds you are habitually besieging with the grossest arts of the most abominable seduction!

Viewing such instances of moral depravity in connexion with those evidences of the spurious Christianity that prevails among the educated classes of society previously enumerated, we are more strongly confirmed in our opinion that the religious training of the young is conducted on unsound and pernicious principles; and that, by commencing where we ought to end, namely, with instruction in Christian doctrine, we fall in establishing the influence of Christian precept on the mind, and thus, as we set out with saying, make the religion of thousands consist in a mere speculative and barren belief—in a holiday garment, as it were, to be reserved for special purposes and public occasions, instead of an every-day garb, to be worn unintermittently, and adapted to all the scenes, and seasons, and situations of life."

[From a pamphlet entitled "The Education Question—Special Religious Instruction;" reprinted from the British and Foreign Review.]

THE NEW SYSTEM OF CONVICT MANAGEMENT AT NORFOLK ISLAND.*

CAPTAIN MACONOCHE, whom we have already mentioned as being engaged in connexion with the convict management at Norfolk Island, has, we understand, carried into execution a most extraordinary plan of reformation, which we propose to describe. He proposes that the men, after being punished by severe labour for the crime for which they stand convicted, should be allowed (while some years of their time are to run) to go out in the colony on probation or training—that is, to be put on their good behaviour as servants, in order that they may have a chance of gaining a good character. Convicts have generally been allowed to hire themselves out on this principle, but only on their individual responsibility. The peculiarity of the new plan is, that they are to go out in parties of six, who shall choose each other, and the whole are to be responsible for each other's conduct. If one of the six behave ill, then all will be punished by being deprived of liberty. To punish one man for the crimes of another, may seem unjust, but, after all, in cases where liberty is granted as a boon, and where it can be recalled at pleasure, there is little to complain of; besides, it appears to be a means of producing a general guardedness of conduct, and works, it is said, to admiration. The objects contemplated in the arrangement are all of a social character. Even while the men are undergoing their direct punishment, it will give a value to the social virtues; because if a man does not recommend himself to his companions during this interval by good conduct, at least towards them, and by a reasonable promise of behaving well afterwards while on probation, he may not find five others willing to run their several chances with him. It will also prevent favour or prejudice on the part of an overseer from influencing a man's fate; because, when his period for punishment is expired, nothing short of a judicial extension will keep him in it, if other five men are willing to join with him; and, on the contrary, nothing but a very special and strongly-called-for exercise of supreme authority should release him without this being the case. It will thus sift the prisoners from the beginning, leaving the absolutely incorrigible behind, on the unexceptionable verdict of their own companions, interested in justly appreciating their character—and at the same time subduing the obstinacy of many who, in hitherto existing circumstances, have been considered hardened, and giving an early tangible value to good conduct, and to the suppression, concealment, and mastery of evil dispositions and intentions, hitherto, on the contrary, too often rather a subject of private boast. The new system will, moreover, give them interests and feelings in common; and, each having a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, the government will have the assistance of all in the maintenance of discipline. Let us now see how far the soundness of these suggestions has been confirmed by experience.

The Australasian Chronicle of 23d June last contains this article is chiefly an abridgement from the Scotsman newspaper.

tains the following extract from a private letter dated Norfolk Island, May 28:—"The system is working to admiration on the old hands—they seem determined to prevent offences among themselves, and they are excellent policemen for that purpose."

Mr Stuart, surgeon of the settlement, makes the following observations:—"My experience as a medical officer on this island, affords me ample means of forming my opinions on the comparative merits of the two systems, in their effects upon the prisoners. On my first arrival here, in November 1831, every means were resorted to by those men to thwart the ends of justice in inflicting punishment on them, and to avoid work as much as possible. Having those designs in view, their own persons became the objects of the most disgusting and painful inflictions; some maimed themselves with their working implements, some created madness, and others destroyed their sight, and were rendered stone-blind; while the tortures of the lash were courted as subservient to the completion of the schemes of the malingering. No species of punishment that could be inflicted, had any effect in checking those practices amongst the more inveterate and determined resisters of labour and authority; but I am happy to say that humanity is now no longer shocked by such inflictions. On my first arrival, the number of malingers was immense—upwards of one hundred daily. The wards of the hospital were filled, the cells of the jail were overcrowded, while the barrack-yard was swarming with idle impostors. Those men are now returned to their labour, and thus a great addition of labour has been made to the means of government to carry on the public works, both in the engineer department and in the agricultural establishment, and malingering is now totally at an end."

The most pleasing of all the accounts, is that contained in a letter from Norfolk Island, in the *Sydney Herald* of 28th June. It describes the celebration of the queen's birthday in this most distant portion of her dominions. After the firing of salutes, "Captain Macdonochie, accompanied by several of the civil officers, visited the prisoners at their barracks, and told them that he was anxious to recall to their minds the land of their birth, and revive those feelings of affection and loyalty which warm the heart of every British subject on such occasions as the present, even of those who are now expiating the offences committed against the laws of their country. 'A strong feeling,' he said, 'existed in the colonies against the doubly-convicted prisoners of this island—they were considered by some as incorrigible and irreclaimable. From such feelings he was every day more and more dissenting, as he was convinced, by his own experience, that the great body of these prisoners—more than twelve hundred—there before him, was every day showing forth proofs of order, regularity, and industry, so that there was not at that moment a single man in jail or in confinement. (Cheers.) He was most anxious to serve them, to redeem them from bondage, and to send them forth in due time to earn an honest livelihood, and to become useful subjects. But it all rested now with themselves; and as a proof of the confidence he had in their good dispositions and orderly conduct, he gave them indulgence this day which were unknown to Norfolk Island since the hour that it became a penal settlement. Their conduct this day would prove that they knew how to value a humane government, and would contradict the opinions of those who brand them with the desperate character of incorrigibles.' (A unanimous cry of 'We'll not abuse your benevolence; we'll behave like British subjects!') ran through the assembled multitude. He now proceeded to another part of the settlement, where, addressing six hundred new convicts, he told them, that his system was not to make the life of a convict one of ease, indolence, or pleasure, but one of constant employment, industry, and reformation; and thus fit them for earning honest bread once more in some of the neighbouring colonies. He told the new hands that much more was expected from them than from the old offenders. He wished to encourage emulation, and to test, by order and industry, which were the more likely to become better men and useful subjects. Music followed; and in the evening the 'Exile's Return' was acted at both the old and the new settlements. The prisoners were allowed to remain out of barracks till eight o'clock, when, at the first sound of the bell, every man retired to rest with the utmost order."

Every one was in admiration at the regularity and becoming demeanour of the prisoners, who, to the number of eighteen hundred, were allowed the whole day to traverse the island in every direction; while two boats lay alongside the new wharf, the oars near at hand, a quantity of powder for rockets, and for loading the cannon, was piled around the guns, without a single soldier to keep guard over these things, which would a little time back have been laid hold of with desperate avidity. Captain M. has only to say, 'Let this or that be done; let this or that be shunned,' and his order is immediately executed. Petty theft, once so prevalent, is now quite rare on Norfolk Island. A night or two after the Queen's birth-day, the assigned servant of one of the free overseers stole some tea, sugar, and wearing apparel, from his master. The entire mass of the prison population gave the most manifest signs of indignation at this man's base theft. They begged to be allowed to inflict summary punishment on the culprit; and if they had obtained their request, Lynch law would have been put in force

in a most striking manner. How remarkable a change of feeling! A few months back, this offence would have been considered as a mere trifle by the prisoners; and it would have been a difficult matter to get them to give evidence in such a case, even for the detection of the offender. Now the whole body seem determined to put an end to thieving, and would in this instance, I think, put an end to the thief, if they could but get him into their clutches, for they consider this fellow as bringing a disgrace on them all."

THE TWO COMFORTERS.

THE following, from the French of Voltaire, has frequently appeared in print, but may well appear once more:—

"One day, the great philosopher Citofile said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so, 'Madam, the Queen of England, daughter of Henry IV., was as wretched as you: she was banished from her kingdom, was in the utmost danger of losing her life in a storm at sea, and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold.'

'I am sorry for her,' said the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

'But,' said Citofile, 'remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a most chaste and virtuous affection, an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face; and, in the sequel, her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years.'

'That was very cruel,' replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

'Perhaps,' said the comforter, 'you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled.'

'I have a confused remembrance of her story,' said the afflicted lady.

'I must relate to you,' added the other, the adventure of a sovereign princess, who, within my memory, was dethroned after supper, and who died in a desert island.'

'I know her whole history,' replied the lady.

'Well, then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess, whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have; her father entered the chamber, and surprised the lover, whose countenance was all on fire, and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady, too, had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeased with the young man's countenance, that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs, and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty, and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady, in a fright, leaped out of the window, and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince. You can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago, when she was in prison; she always talked to me of her own misfortunes.'

'And why will you not allow me to think of mine?' said the lady.

'Because,' said the philosopher, 'you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it will become you to despair. Think on Hecuba; think on Niobe!'

'Ah!' said the lady, 'had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavoured to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?'

Next day, the philosopher lost his only son, and was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it, found it very exact, and wept nevertheless. Three months after, they renewed their visits, and were surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humour. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription:—'To him who comforts.'

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

Of Quin, the actor, the following anecdote lately appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*:—"Quin at this time, for convenience, having occasion to make frequent professional visits, particularly at an early hour, at Carlton House, retained two small ready-furnished apartments, on the second floor, at the house of a widow in Pall Mall, who lived with her two daughters; one of whom, being very beautiful and talented, attracted the notice of the player, who being most liberal, and a truly excellent-hearted man, he advised the mother to let her go upon the stage. The lady and her daughters were poor; but being most exemplary, they politely declined. Quin, nevertheless, urged the point; and observed, 'Though we players are by foolish construction stigmatised as vagabonds by statute, I will give you ample references, where you and your friends may inquire into my character and reputation; and I offer you a week for further consideration.' The inquiries were made, proved all that the strictest rectitude could require, and the offer was most gratefully accepted. The benevolent actor delicately presented the mother with a purse containing fifty guineas, and said, finding the young lady intelligent and accomplished, 'You must allow me to be her preceptor, and as I am an honest man I will protect her. When she visits my apartments in King Street, Covent Garden, do you, her mother or her sister, come with her, for I will never receive her alone. I will, God aiding, do my best for her, and put her in the way of fortune.' The experiment was made; her instructor was delighted; she

appeared on the stage; and she promised to become a theatrical prodigy, when a young gentleman of rank, fortune, and honour, being struck with her great beauty and modesty, inquired for the mother, and sought the daughter's fair hand. The mother, who possessed the fine sentiments of a gentlewoman, properly transferred the admirer to Mr Quin, who, she gratefully observed, 'had generously adopted her child.' Quin's feelings on this disclosure, as he afterwards declared, entirely unmanned him. 'Dear, virtuous family!' he exclaimed, and burst into tears. Quin gave away his lovely protégée at the altar, and lived to witness their conjugal happiness, even until after they were surrounded by a numerous progeny, the daughters being all fair, and the sons all brave."

SCOTCH DEGREES.

When the University of St Andrews sold her honours—a proceeding which provoked Dr Johnson to tell the heads of the college that they would get rich by degrees, and which has long since been abandoned—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put L.15 in his purse, and went to St Andrews "to purchase for himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The fervent doctor stared. "Ay, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I'en got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be good enough to say—doctor, put on some coals, or doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water; and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say, the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."—*Church of England Review.*

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand.—*Sharp.*

THE APPROACHING CENSUS.

We have seen, in the hands of a friend, the act of Parliament, official reports, schedules, and other documents, preparatory to this great national undertaking, the decennial enumeration of the people of the three kingdoms of Britain and Ireland. The comprehensiveness and business-like accuracy of these documents, afford at once a proof of the advance which this important branch of statistics has made, and an earnest of the precision and fidelity with which the new census will be taken. With all who feel an interest in their country's welfare, we look forward with much expectation to this great registration; not merely from a natural curiosity to know the advance which the population has made since 1831, the date of the last census, but from our conviction that much public benefit will ensue from the faithful and accurate execution of this work. The time was when any attempt to number the people created a general alarm that it was intended to forward some purpose of taxation, military conscription, or act of tyranny. An enlightened age ought to manifest no such fears. Fraudulent government, at this time of day, would only defeat its own end. Public measures must be direct, and really mean what they profess. The press would expose and baffle all sinister legislation, were it unwisely attempted. Every reflecting person must see clearly, that, at the very least, it is *harmless* to obtain an accurate knowledge of the population of the country, instead of resting satisfied with a rough guess that, since 1831, it must have increased *so much* above twenty-four millions, at which it then stood. We cannot, moreover, see what advantage, for the ends of justice or oppression, could be taken of the ascertainment of some other abstract facts—such as the number of persons under each roof, the distinction of males and females, and the profession, trade, or calling of the inmates. In the absence, then, of all sinister purpose or possible evil result—in the negative conviction that at least the operation of numbering the people will be innocuous—we should look for very few instances indeed where the penalties for refusal to make returns, or the actual making of false ones, will be incurred.

But the ascertainment of the numbers of the people will be positively advantageous, more or less directly, to every inhabitant of the land. Sound practical measures for the administration of the multifarious resources of the country—its food, produced and imported, its currency, its revenue, its labour and labourer's wages, its colonies, commerce, and manufactures, its emigration and immigration, its strength compared with other countries, its sanitary measures, its police protection, its life insurances, and surplus savings establishments, its diseases and rate of mortality, its education as a national object—in fine, its statistics and economy in general—are all in some degree dependent on a knowledge of its population; without which much legislation must be guess work, and subject to errors in calculation, which may tell unfavourably upon the comforts and interests of every individual of the land, from the highest to the lowest.

As no reader of this Journal, we flatter ourselves, can have any prejudices on this interesting subject, we address our readers in order to call their attention to the coming census of the 6th of June, and to suggest to them, each in his or her sphere, the duty of endeavouring, during the few intermediate days, to banish the fears and enlist the good will of the less informed, so that when the householders' schedules are left at their houses, they will feel no alarm or suspicion, but, on the contrary, with the alacrity of good citizens, faithfully fill up and punctually return them to the enumerators, who will call for them.

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